

GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY



MARVEL

**BENDIS
SCHITI
KEITH**

026

The entire galaxy is a mess. Warring empires and cosmic terrorists plague every corner. Someone has to rise above it all and fight for those who have no one to fight for them. **PETER QUILL**, a.k.a. **STAR-LORD**, **GAMORA**, the most dangerous woman in the universe, **DRAX THE DESTROYER**, **CAPTAIN MARVEL**, **VENOM**, **ROCKET RACCOON** and **GROOT** are the...

GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY

PREVIOUSLY...

Recently, Peter Quill's father, J'Son, acquired an ancient and powerful artifact, the Black Vortex. Using the Vortex to imbue Thanos' son Thane with cosmic power, J'Son had Thane seal the planet Spartax in amber. J'Son intended to gift the planet to the Brood so that they might use the citizens to incubate their eggs. Faced with the prospect of a planet-wide extinction, and not to mention an overwhelming army of Brood soldiers, Kitty Pryde chose to submit to the Black Vortex. She then used her enhanced powers to phase the planet out of the amber prison, saving the people of Spartax.

With the battle over control of the cosmically powered Black Vortex now finished, things seem to have settled down a little bit for the Guardians. Although there is one slight change, what with Peter getting engaged to the now cosmically enhanced Kitty Pryde. With Peter's new fiancée in tow, one would think that all thoughts would be about their upcoming nuptials, but in all the mess caused by the Black Vortex Peter has conveniently forgotten the other recent events on his home planet of Spartax...

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PLANET SPARTAX.

YOU HAVE
MADE A MESS
OF THINGS.

WE HAVE
A VERY REAL
AND VERY PRESSING
PROBLEM ON
OUR HANDS.

THE
SPARTAX
PEOPLE ARE
NOT HAPPY.

THEY ARE
NOT BEING HEARD.
THEY KNOW THEY
ARE NOT BEING
HEARD.

A PROMISE
WAS MADE TO
THEM AND THAT
PROMISE HAS
NOT BEEN
DELIVERED
UPON.

AR

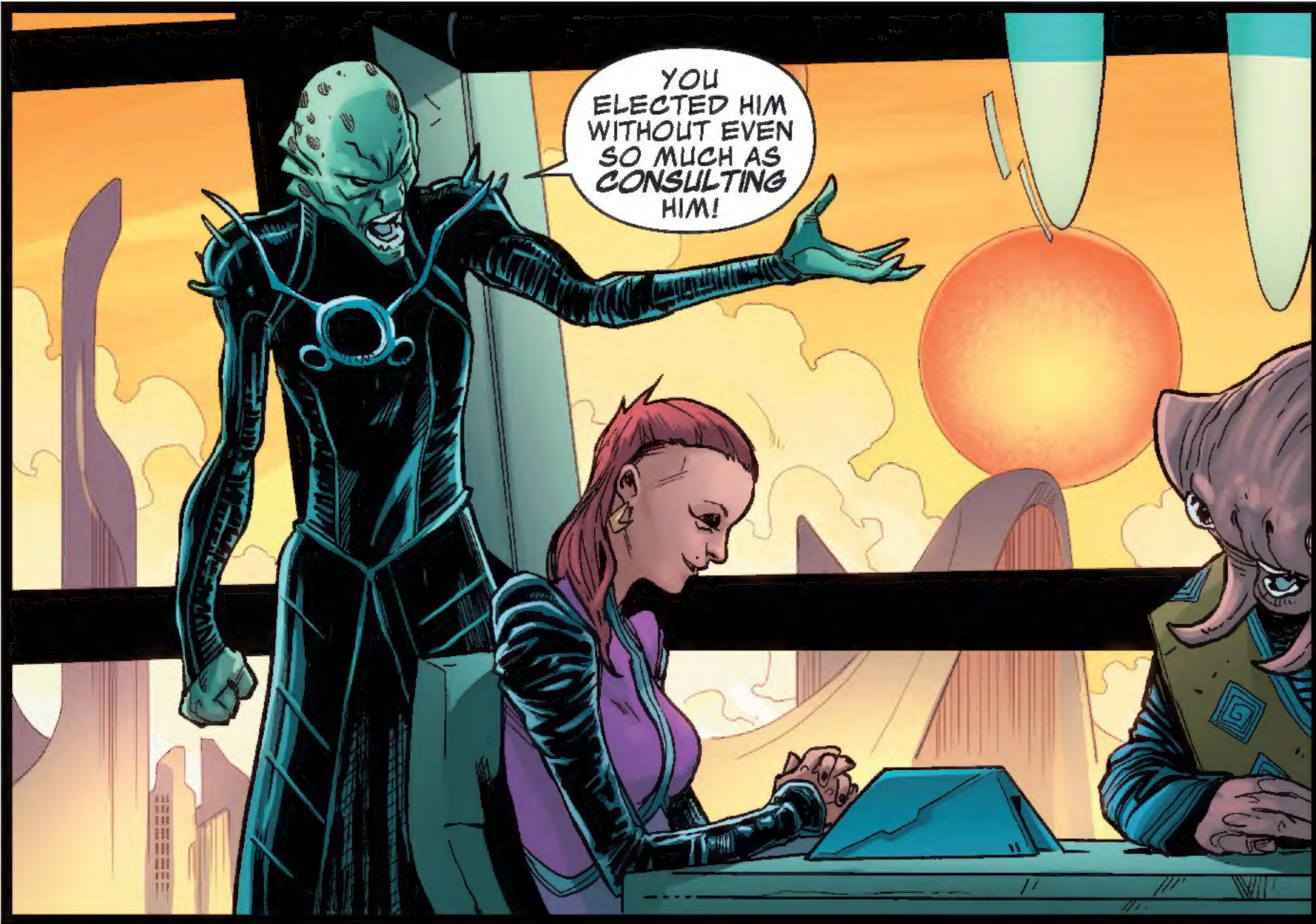
BECAUSE
YOU LIED TO
THEM AND WE
BETRAYED
THEM.

WE DID
NO SUCH THING,
DELEGATE
GLOGUG.

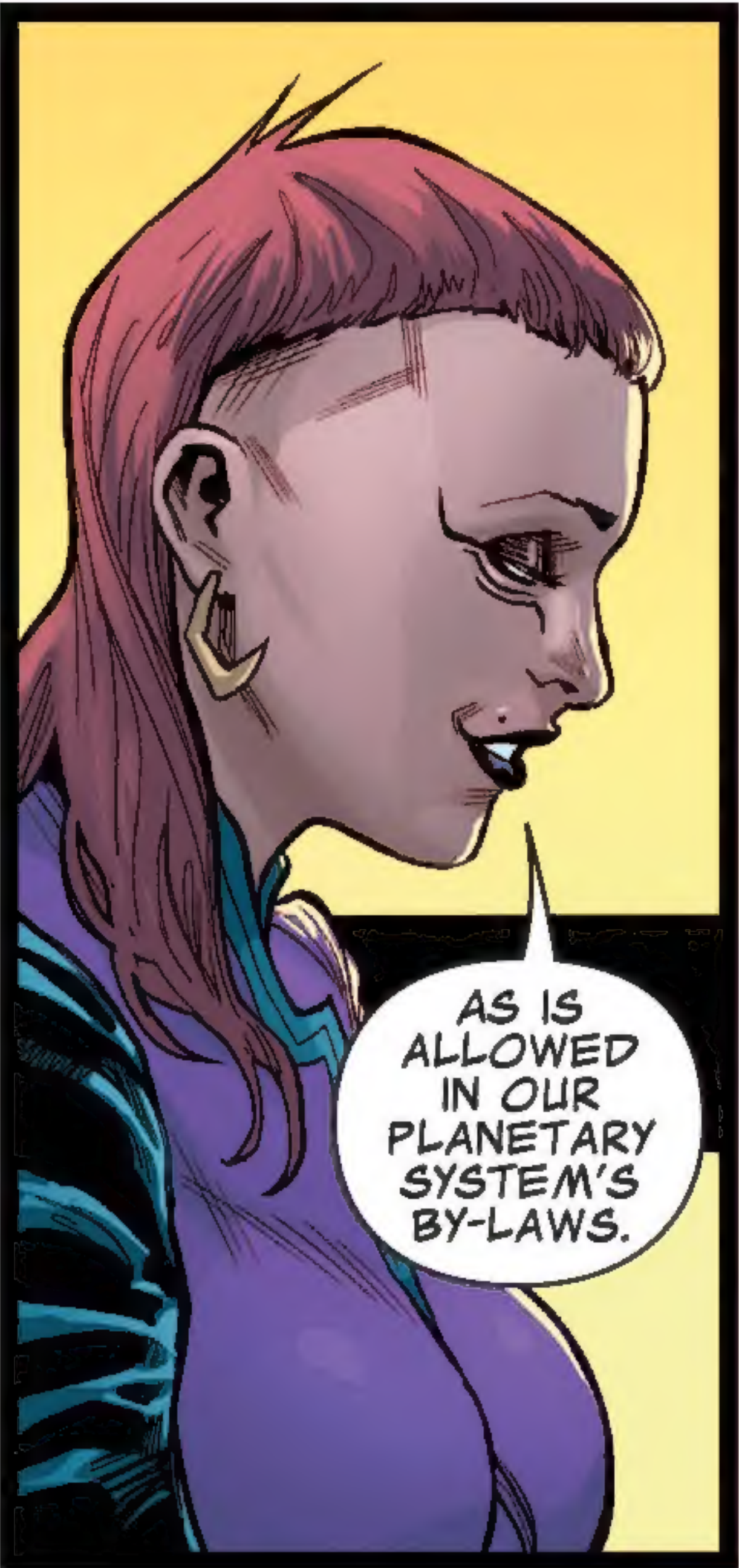
WE
ALLOWED
THEM TO ELECT
THEIR NEW KING
AND THEY DID.

BUT HE
IS NOWHERE
TO BE FOUND,
TOGTH.

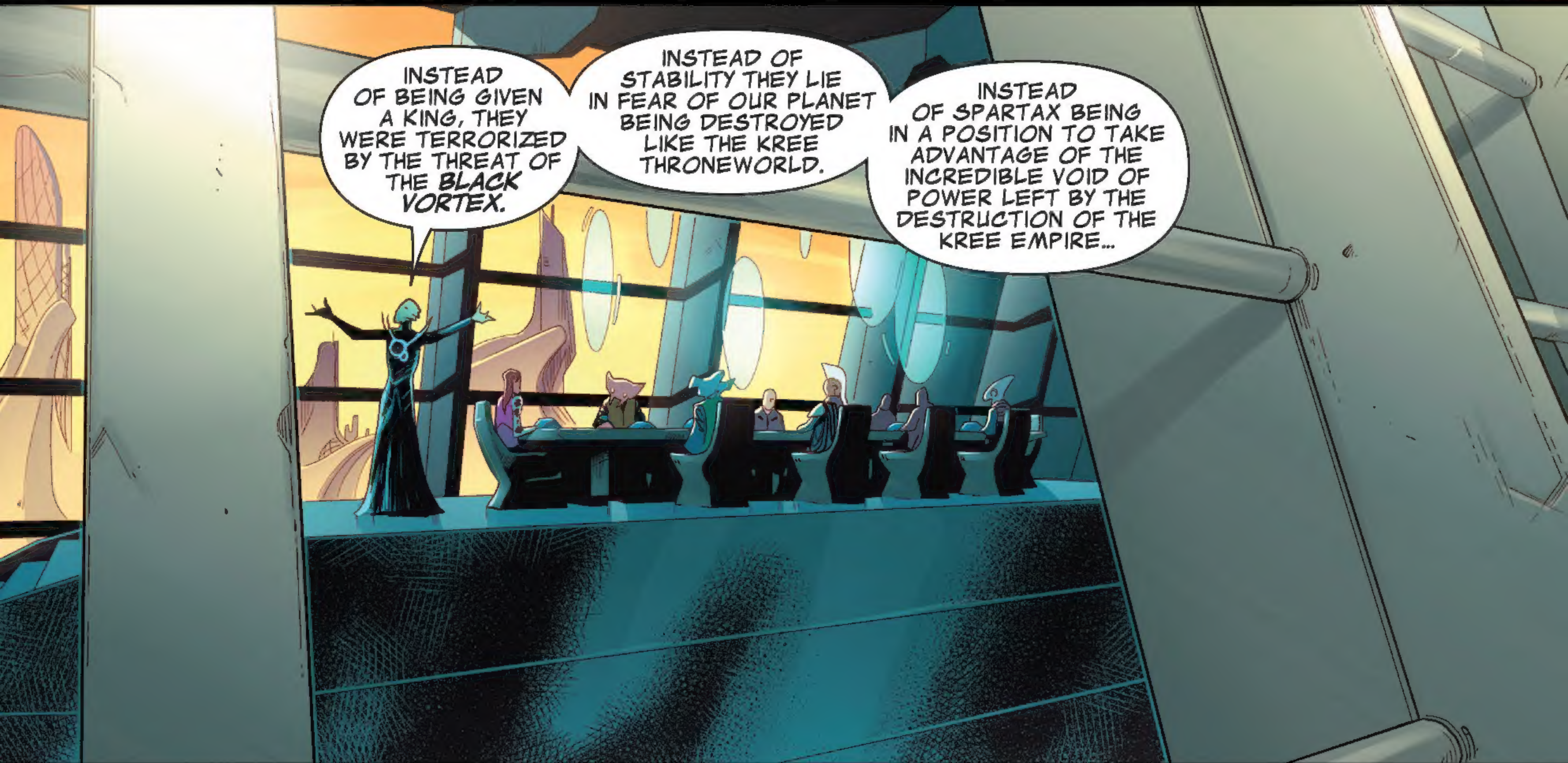
AND
WHOSE FAULT
IS THAT?



YOU ELECTED HIM WITHOUT EVEN SO MUCH AS CONSULTING HIM!



AS IS ALLOWED IN OUR PLANETARY SYSTEM'S BY-LAWS.



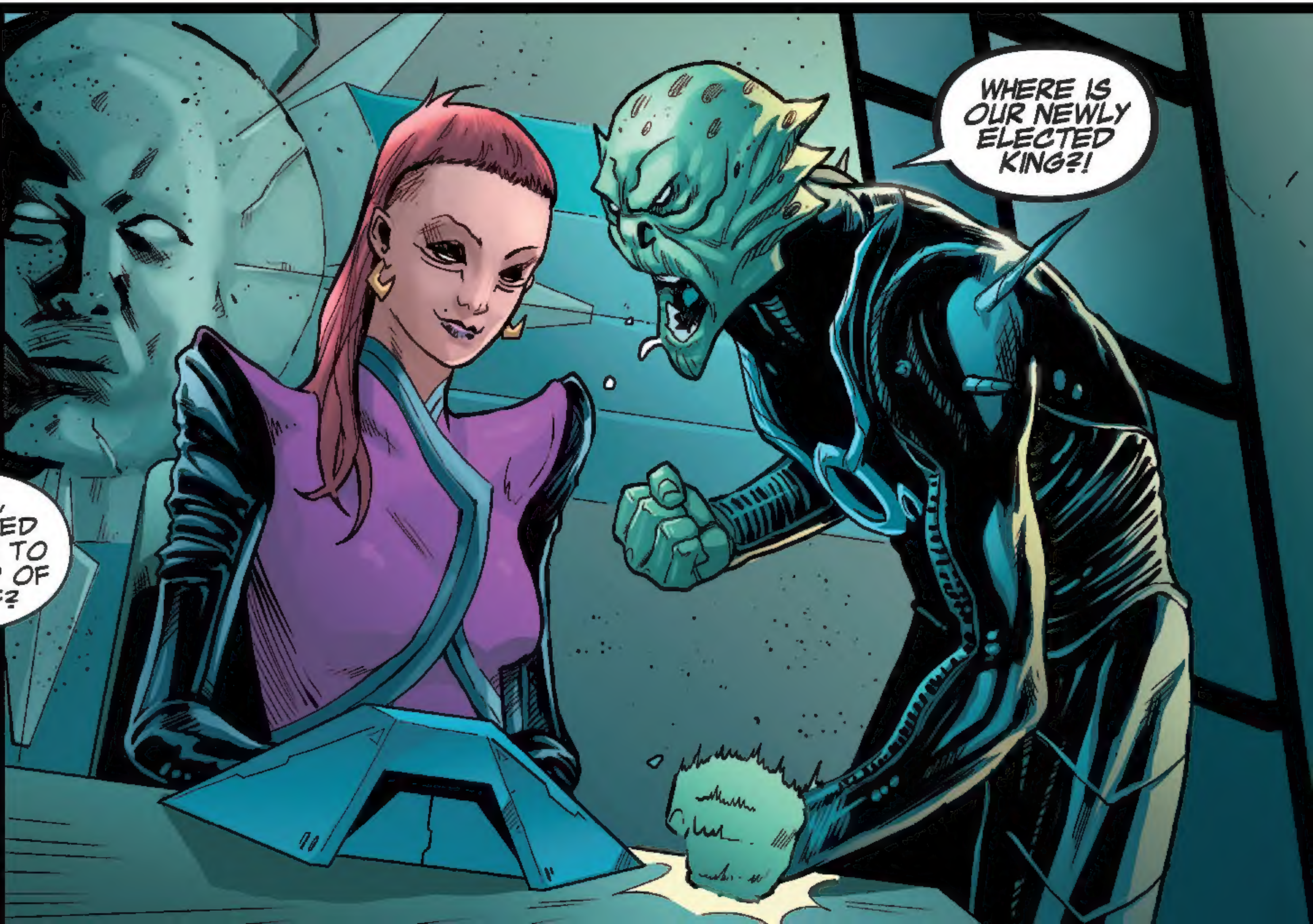
INSTEAD OF BEING GIVEN A KING, THEY WERE TERRORIZED BY THE THREAT OF THE **BLACK VORTEX**.

INSTEAD OF STABILITY THEY LIE IN FEAR OF OUR PLANET BEING DESTROYED LIKE THE KREE THRONeworld.

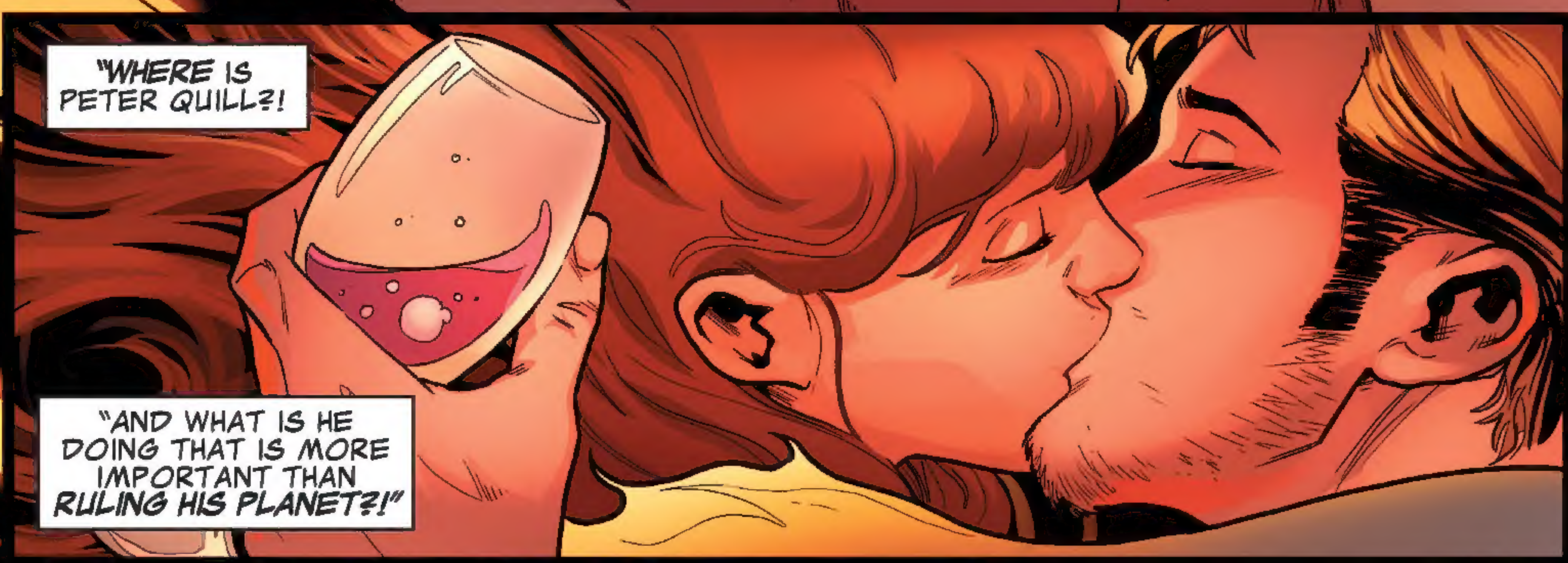
INSTEAD OF SPARTAX BEING IN A POSITION TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE INCREDIBLE VOID OF POWER LEFT BY THE DESTRUCTION OF THE KREE EMPIRE...



GLOGUG, DO YOU NEED SOME TIME TO GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF?



WHERE IS OUR NEWLY ELECTED KING?!



"WHERE IS PETER QUILL?!"

"AND WHAT IS HE DOING THAT IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN RULING HIS PLANET?!"



PETER QUILL, MAKING OUT WITH ME IN A BAR...HOW ROMANTIC.

I THINK WE SHOULD GET MARRIED HERE.

I KNOW YOU'RE ONLY HALF-JOKING, AND IF I SAID YES YOU WOULD DO IT.

UH, MAYBE?



NO.

SO WHERE ARE WE GETTING MARRIED, KITTY-PRYDE-SOON-TO-BE-KITTY-QUILL?

WHEN ARE WE GETTING MARRIED?

(I'M KEEPING MY NAME.)

I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE GETTING MARRIED.

YOU CAN'T.



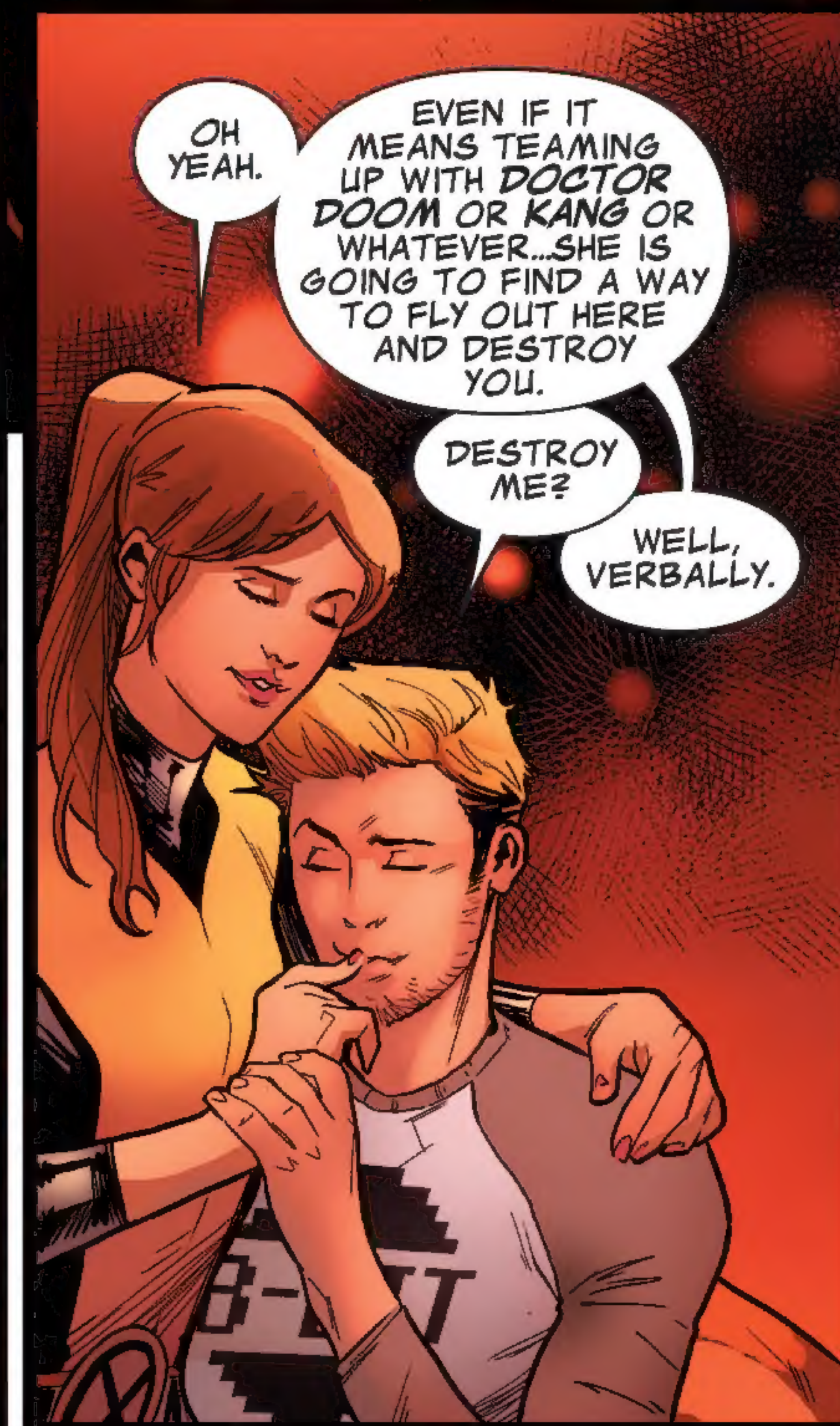
WE NEED TO GET MARRIED ON EARTH, RIGHT?

YOUR MOM AND ALL.

YEAH, ABOUT THAT, I'M JEWISH.

YEAH?

WHEN MY MOM FINDS OUT YOU'RE NOT, SHE'S GOING TO KILL YOU.



OH YEAH.

EVEN IF IT MEANS TEAMING UP WITH DOCTOR DOOM OR KANG OR WHATEVER...SHE IS GOING TO FIND A WAY TO FLY OUT HERE AND DESTROY YOU.

DESTROY ME?

WELL, VERBALLY.



I CAN HANDLE VERBALLY.

NO.

YOU CAN'T.

HAVE YOU TOLD THE X-MEN YET?

HEY, QUILL!



HEADS UP.



IS THAT REAL?



WHAT IS THIS?

OH MAN,
QUILL, YOU'RE
MISSING.

THAT SUCKS.

WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?

I HAVE NO IDEA.

**YOU
KNEW THIS
HAPPENED?**

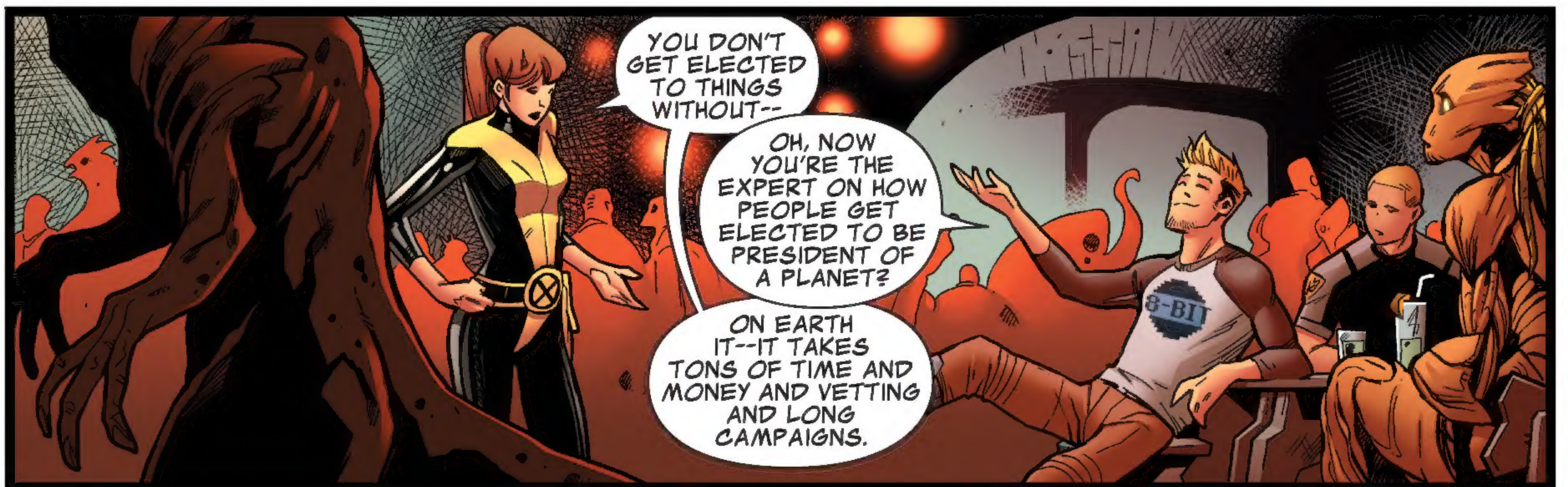
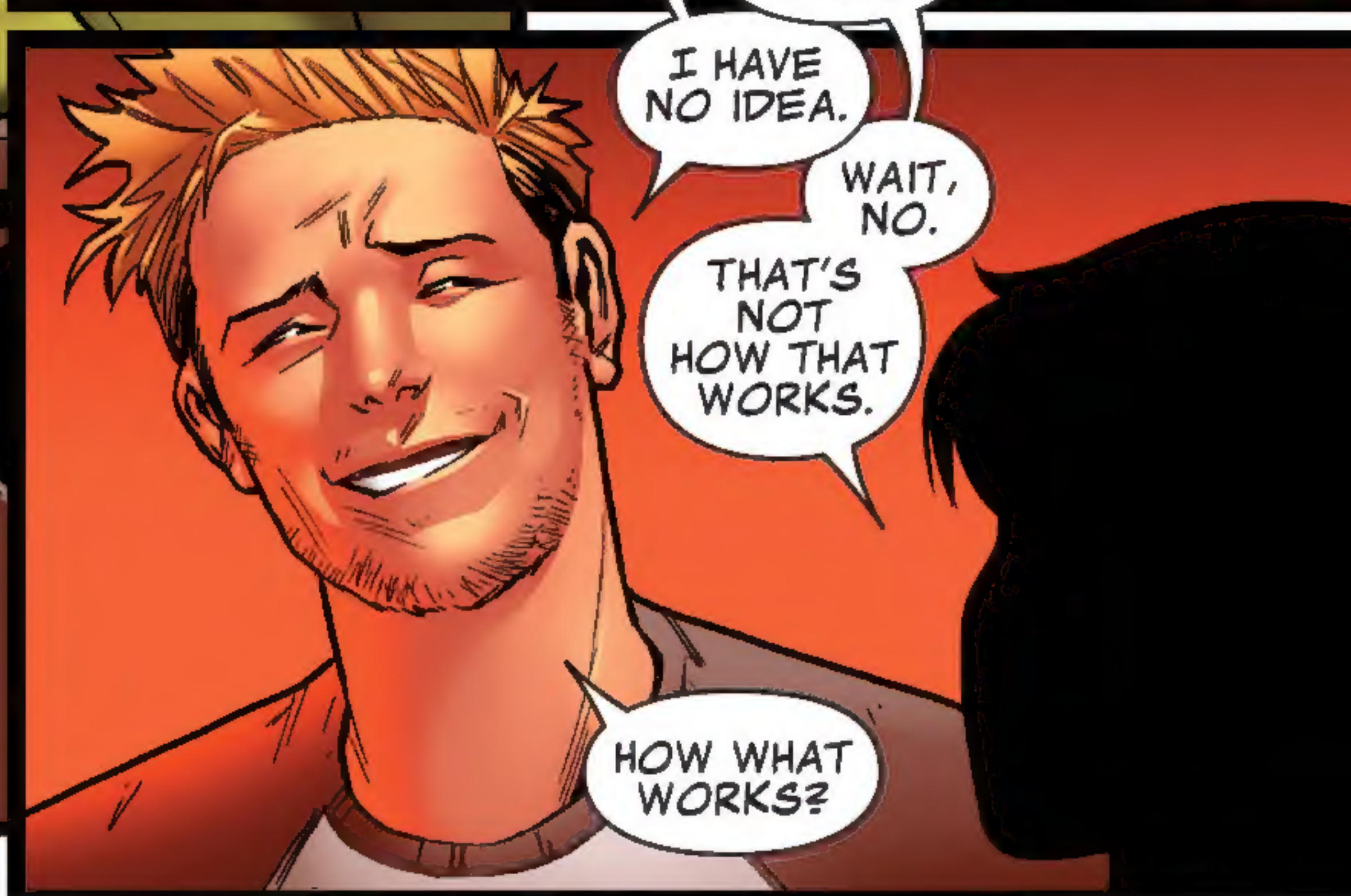


NO.

I DID NOT
KNOW I AM
MISSING.

THAT YOU
WERE ELECTED
PRESIDENT OF
A PLANET!

OH, WELL,
THAT I KIND
OF KNEW.







PRESIDENT
QUILL.

YOU ARE
URGENTLY
NEEDED BACK
ON SPARTAX.

THE HELL
I AM.

GUYS, PLEASE,
I'M NOT YOUR
PRESIDENT.

SIR...

I DIDN'T
ASK FOR THIS. I
DIDN'T CAMPAIGN
FOR THIS...

SIR, YOU
CAN BRING
THAT UP TO THE
COUNCIL.

WE ARE
SIMPLY THE
ROYAL CHAPERONE
GUARD.

WE'RE
HERE TO
GET YOU
BACK HOME
SAFELY.

SIR...

SO I'M YOUR
PRESIDENT?

YES,
SIR.

WELL AS
PRESIDENT I
ORDER YOU TO,
UH, PISS OFF.

GOOD
ONE,
HONEY.

I'M SORRY, SIR,
I CAN'T DO
THAT.

SURE
YOU CAN.

PISS...

...AND
THEN, YOU
KNOW, OFF.

SIR, YOU
ARE THE
PRESIDENT
ELECT.

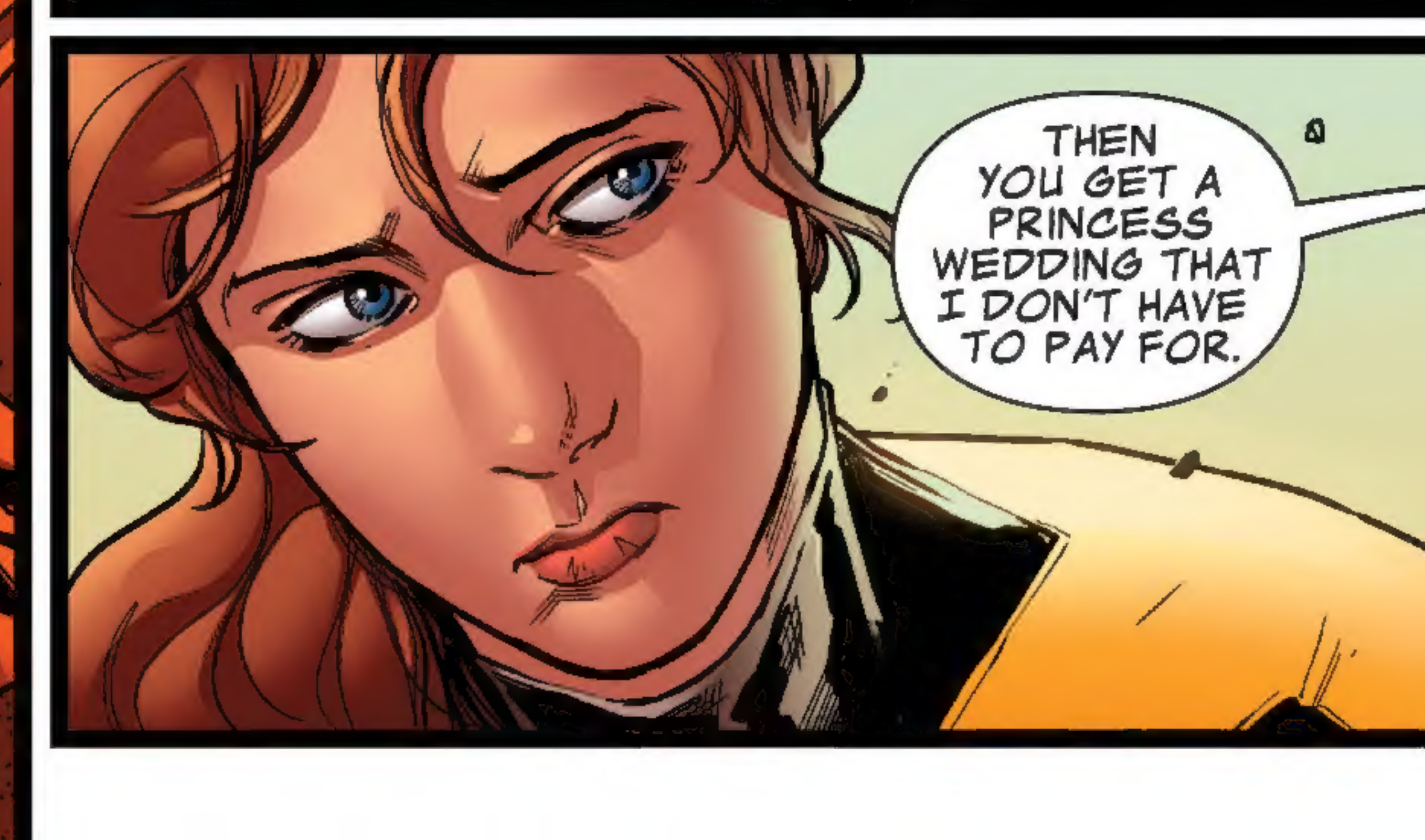
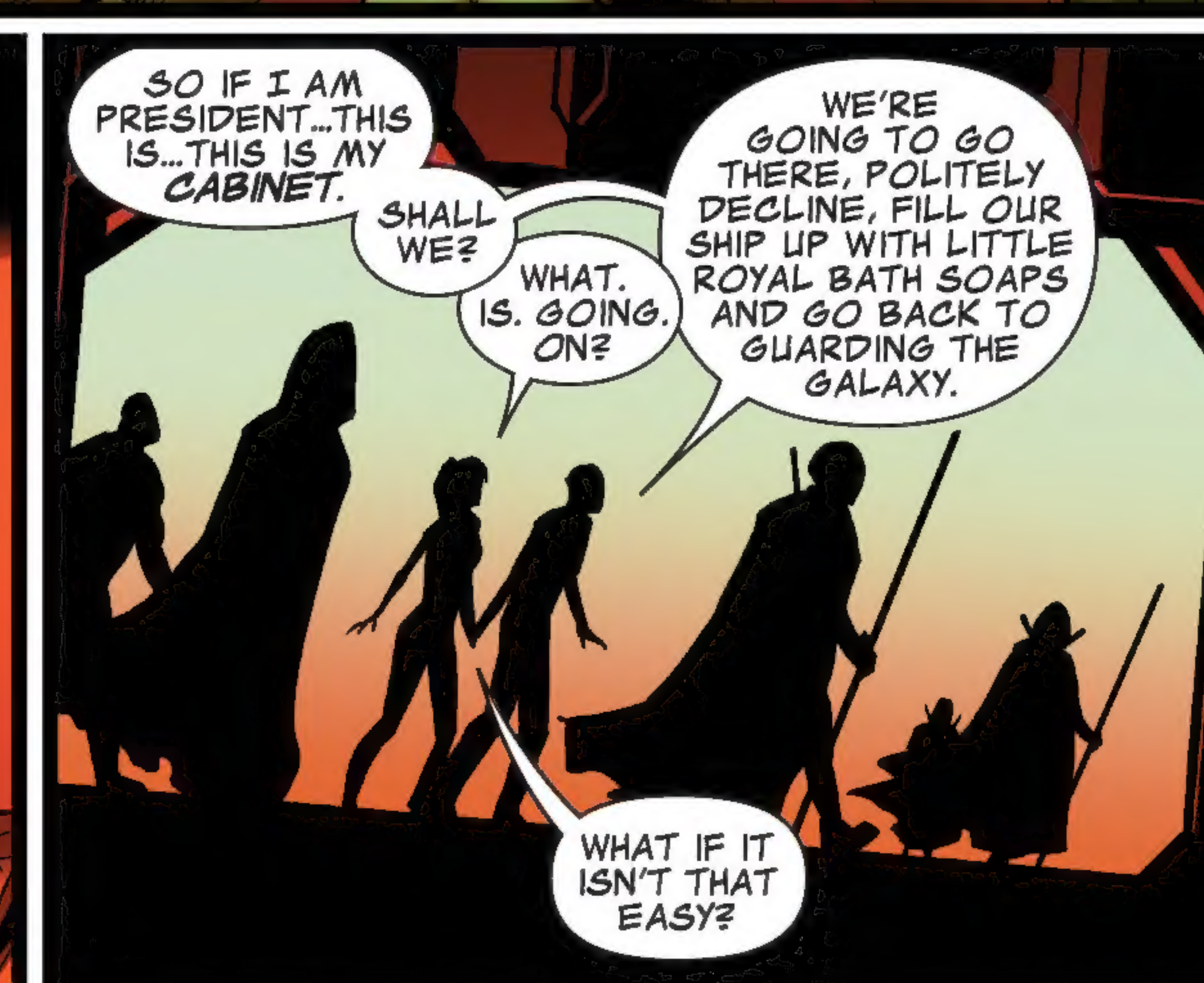
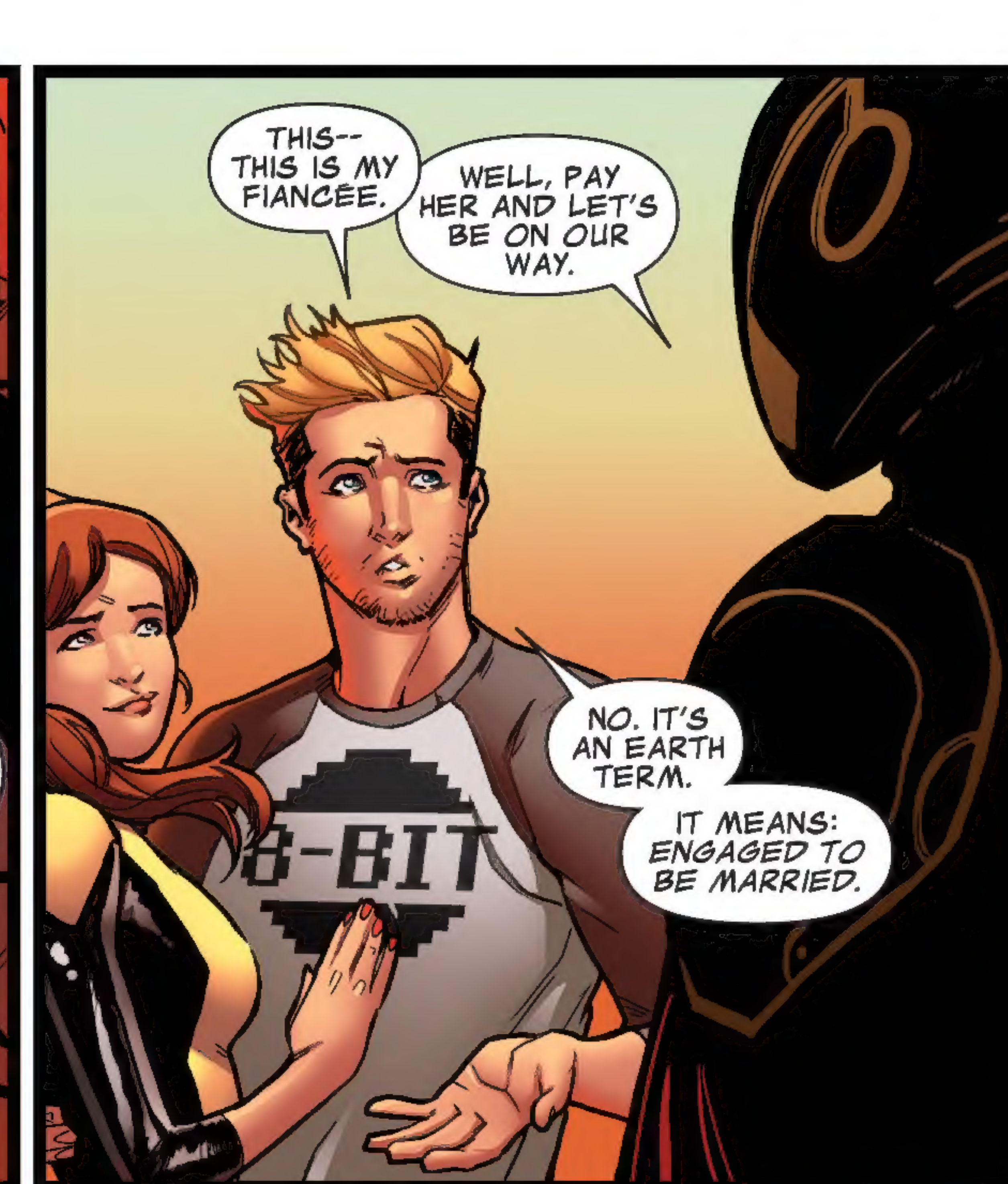
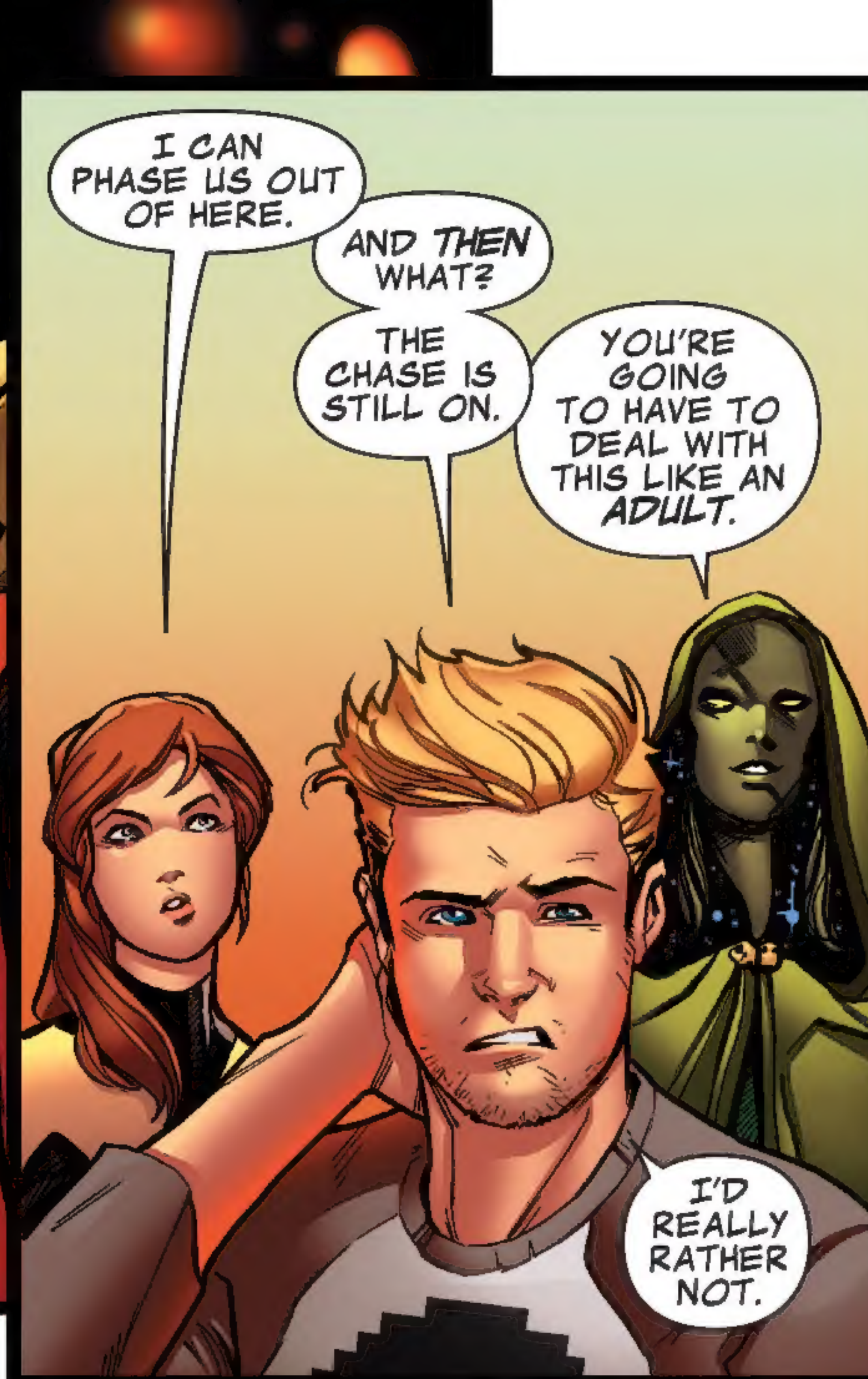
YOU HAVE
NOT BEEN
SWORN INTO
OFFICE SO YOU
HAVE NO
AUTHORITY
OVER US.

WE'RE
ASKING FOR YOUR
COOPERATION.

WITHOUT IT
WE ARE AUTHORIZED
TO BRING YOU BACK BY
ANY MEANS NECESSARY.

THAT IS
ALL I NEEDED
TO HEAR!

HAVE AT
THEE!





WHAT WAS THE REPORT?



THE GUARD'S REPORT SAID THAT QUILL SEEMED... **RELUCTANT.**

RELUCTANT?

WELL, WE WILL HAVE TO SELL HIM ON IT.

THEY HAVE ARRIVED.



NO, THAT IS THE IN-BETWEENER, THE GAMESMASTER IS THE ONE WITH--

UH, PETER?

UH, PETER?

WHAT ARE YOU GUYS EVEN TALKING ABOUT?

OH, LIKE YOU KNOW.

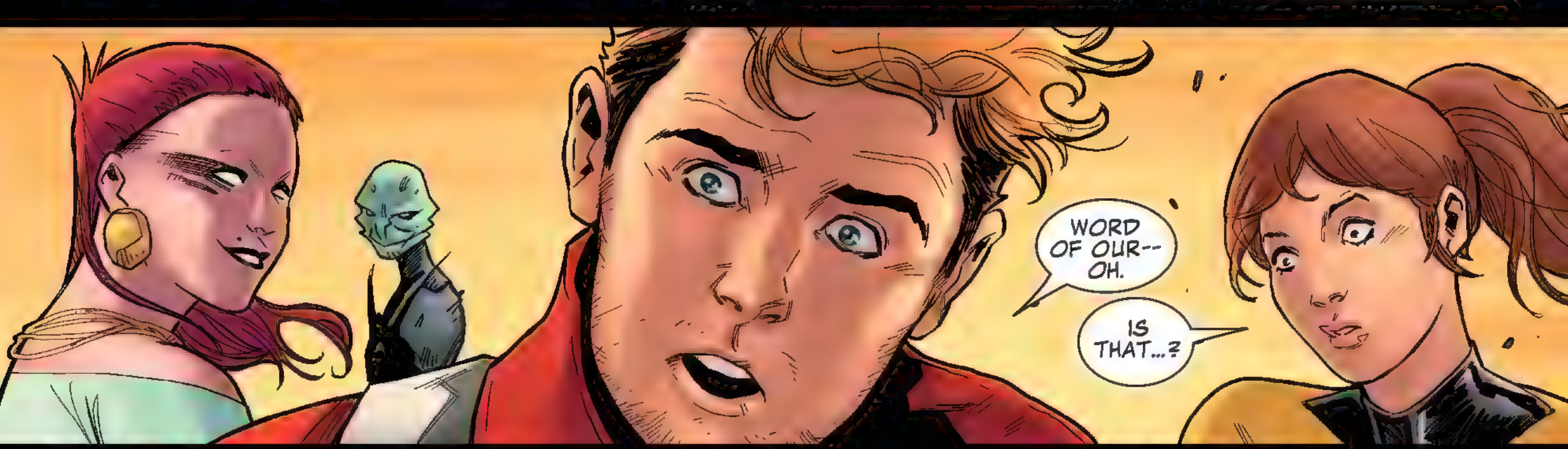


PETER QUILL. I AM DELEGATE BLOGUG.

I AM TOUGH. YOU WERE NOT EASY TO FIND.

BUT WE ARE GLAD YOU FOUND YOUR WAY HOME ONCE AGAIN.

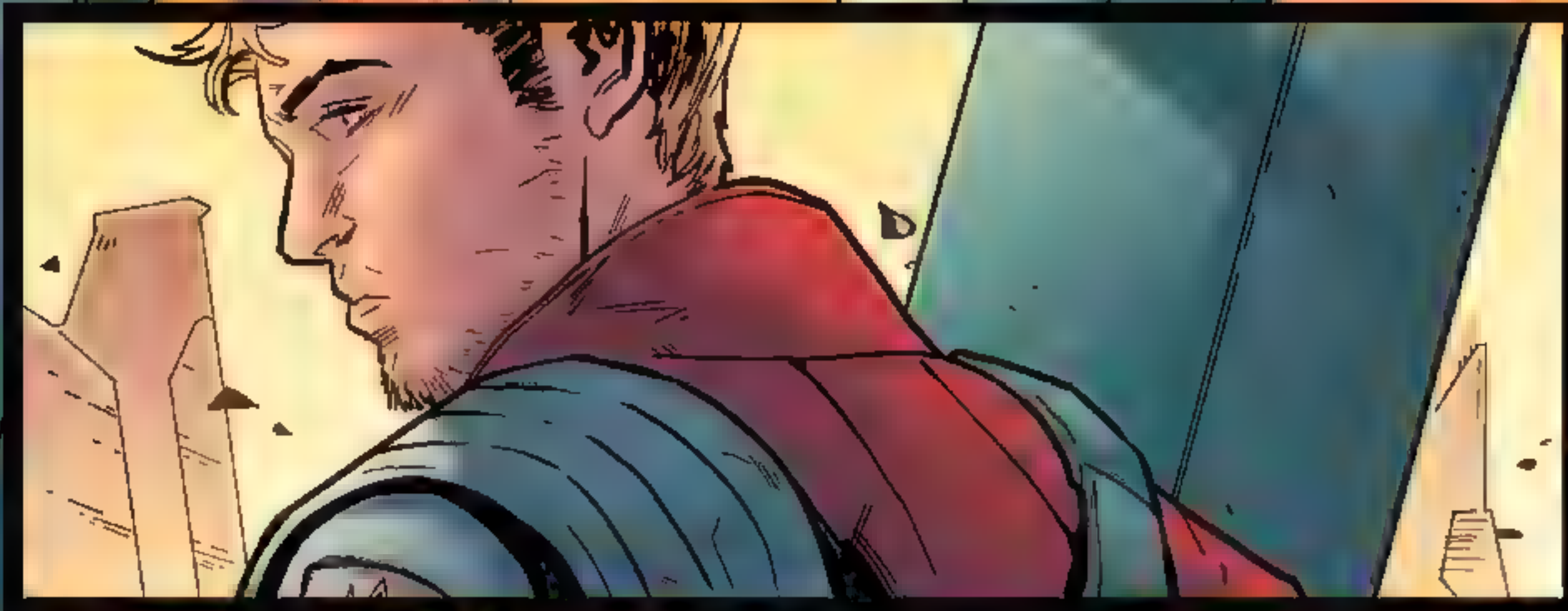
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND, WE MADE WORD OF YOUR ARRIVAL.



WORD OF OUR-- OH.

IS THAT...?

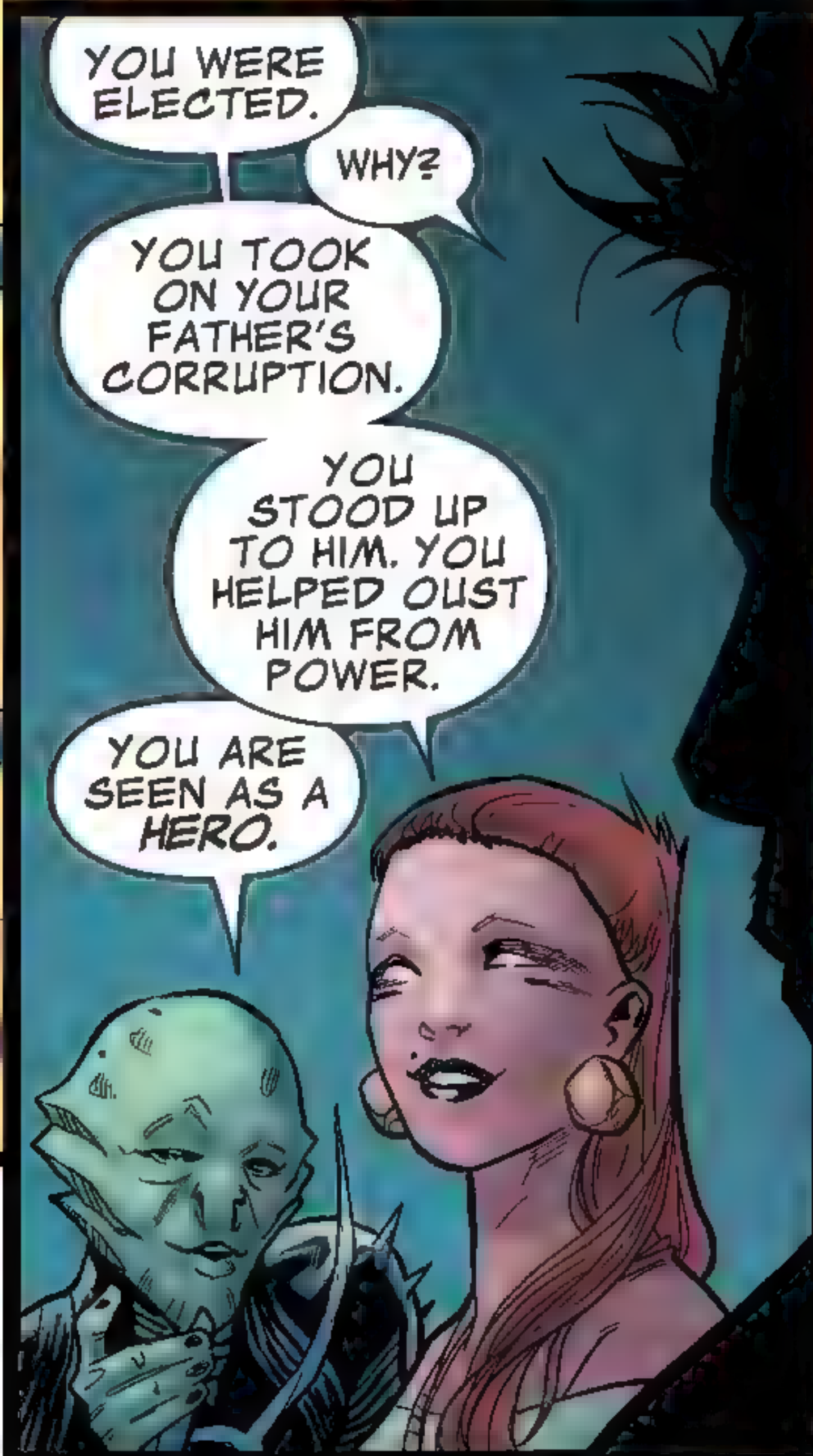




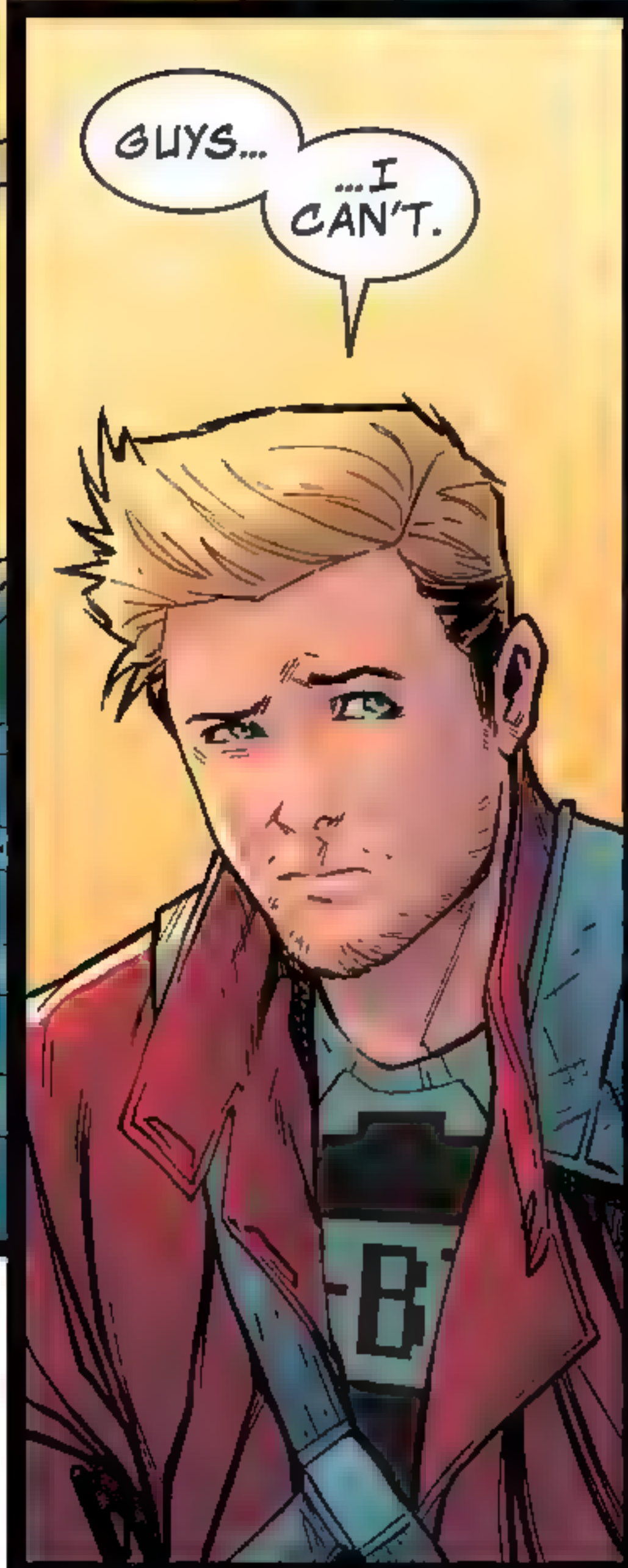
I AM SURE YOU HAVE SOME QUESTIONS FOR US...



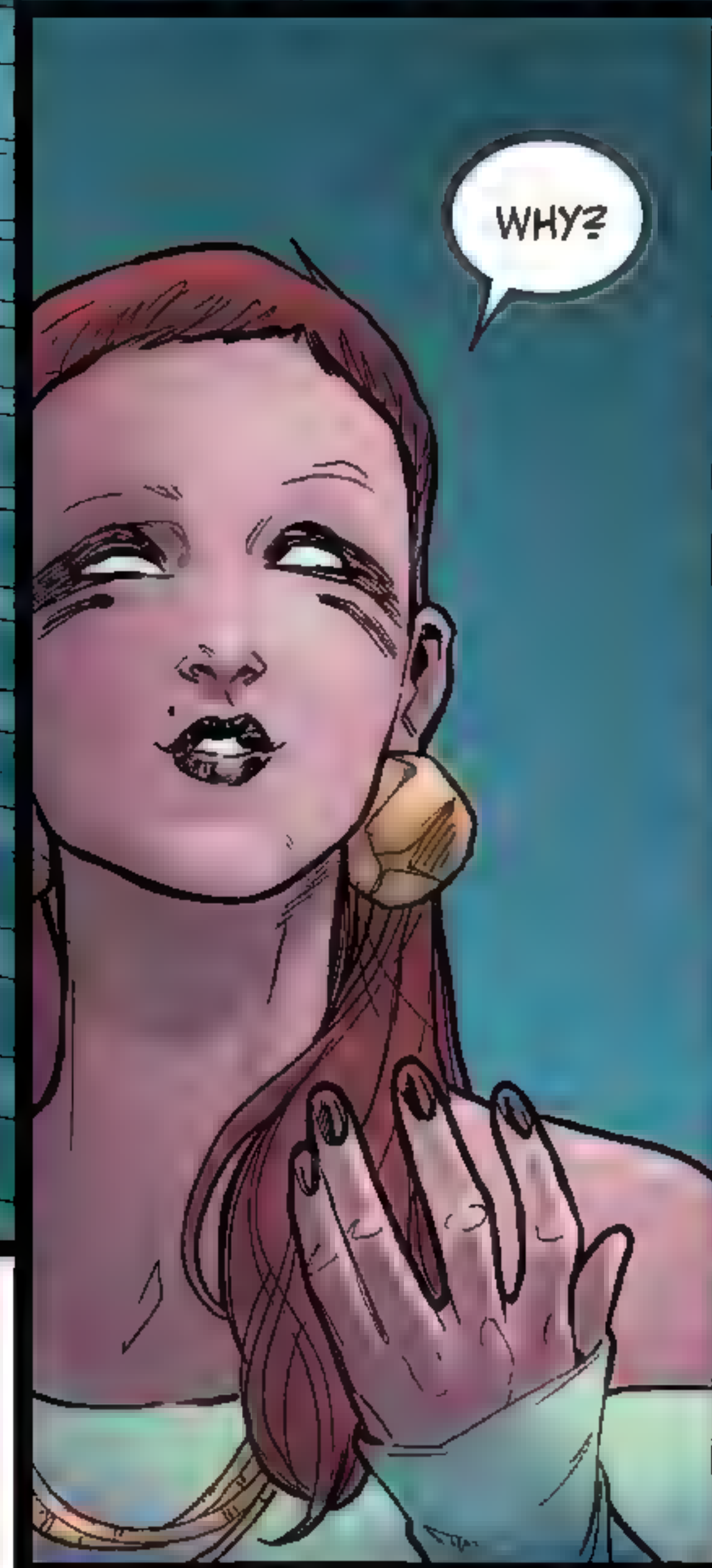
YEAH, LIKE...
...HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?!



YOU WERE ELECTED.
WHY?
YOU TOOK ON YOUR FATHER'S CORRUPTION.
YOU STOOD UP TO HIM. YOU HELPED OUST HIM FROM POWER.
YOU ARE SEEN AS A HERO.



GUYS... I CAN'T.



WHY?



WHY?



WHY CAN'T YOU?
GUARD THE GALAXY?
WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO DO NOW?
YOU CAN LEAD IT.



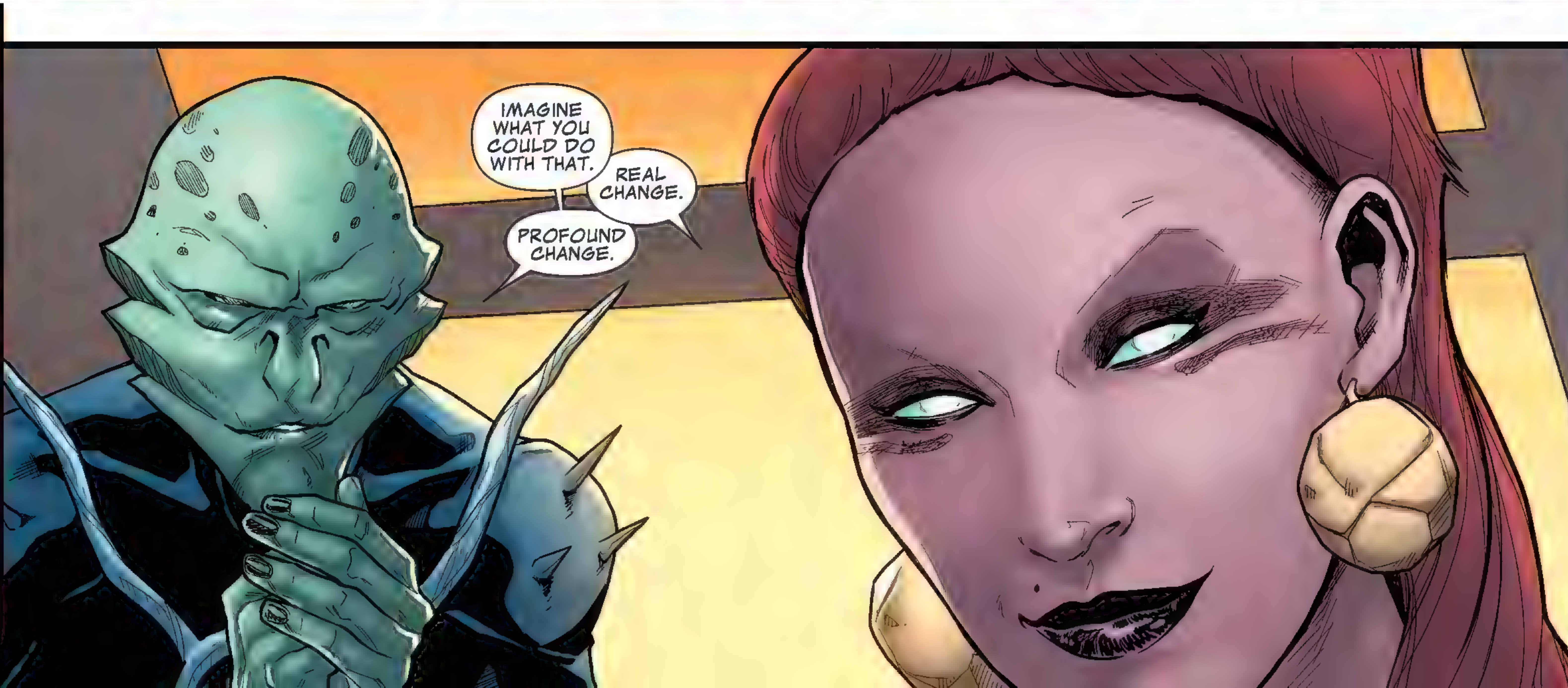
ONE WOULD HAVE TO IMAGINE IT'S A MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE WAY TO ACHIEVE YOUR NOBLE GOALS.



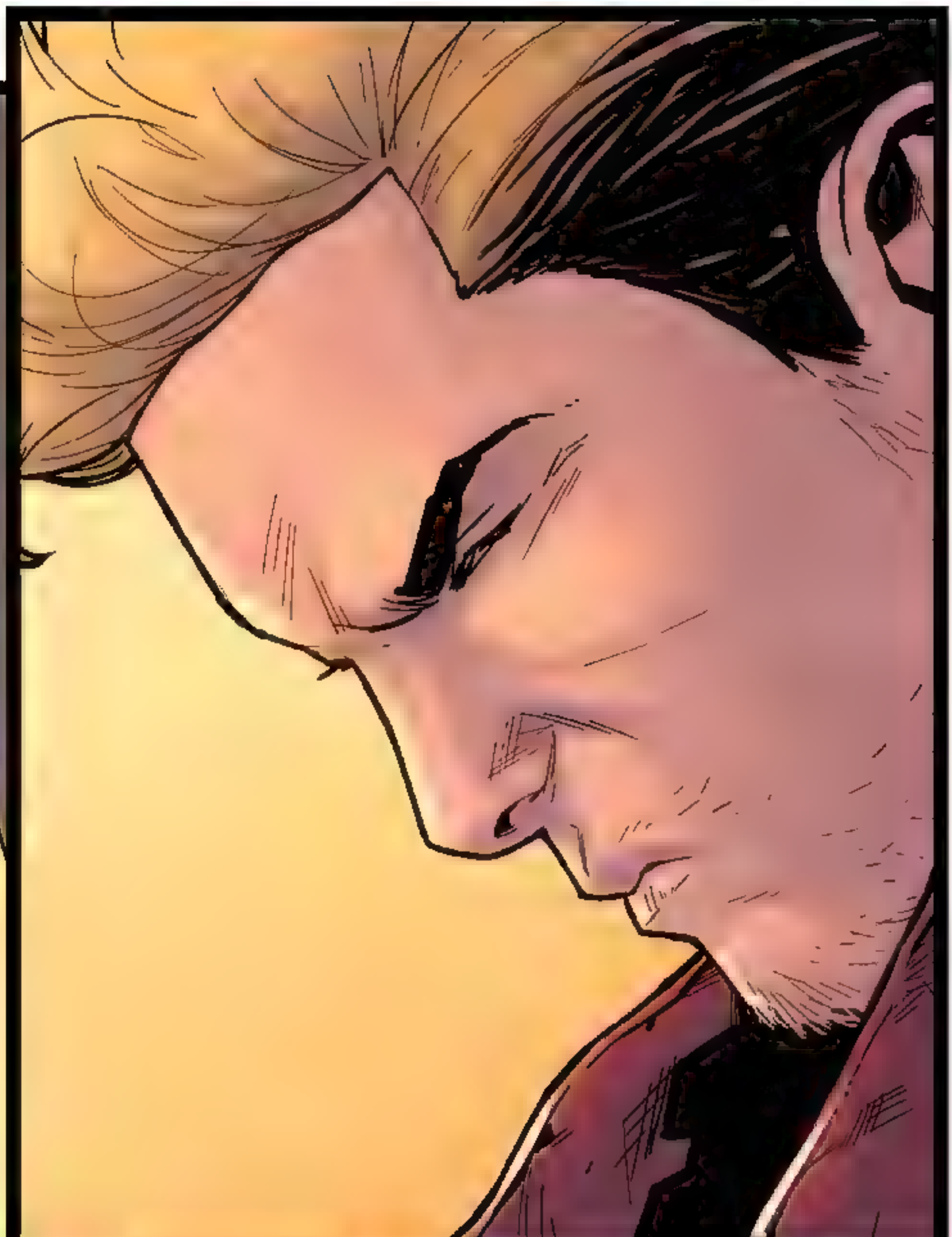
THINK WHAT YOU COULD ACCOMPLISH FROM INSIDE THE SYSTEM.
THE KREE EMPIRE IS NO MORE.
THE SKRULL EMPIRE IS NO MORE.

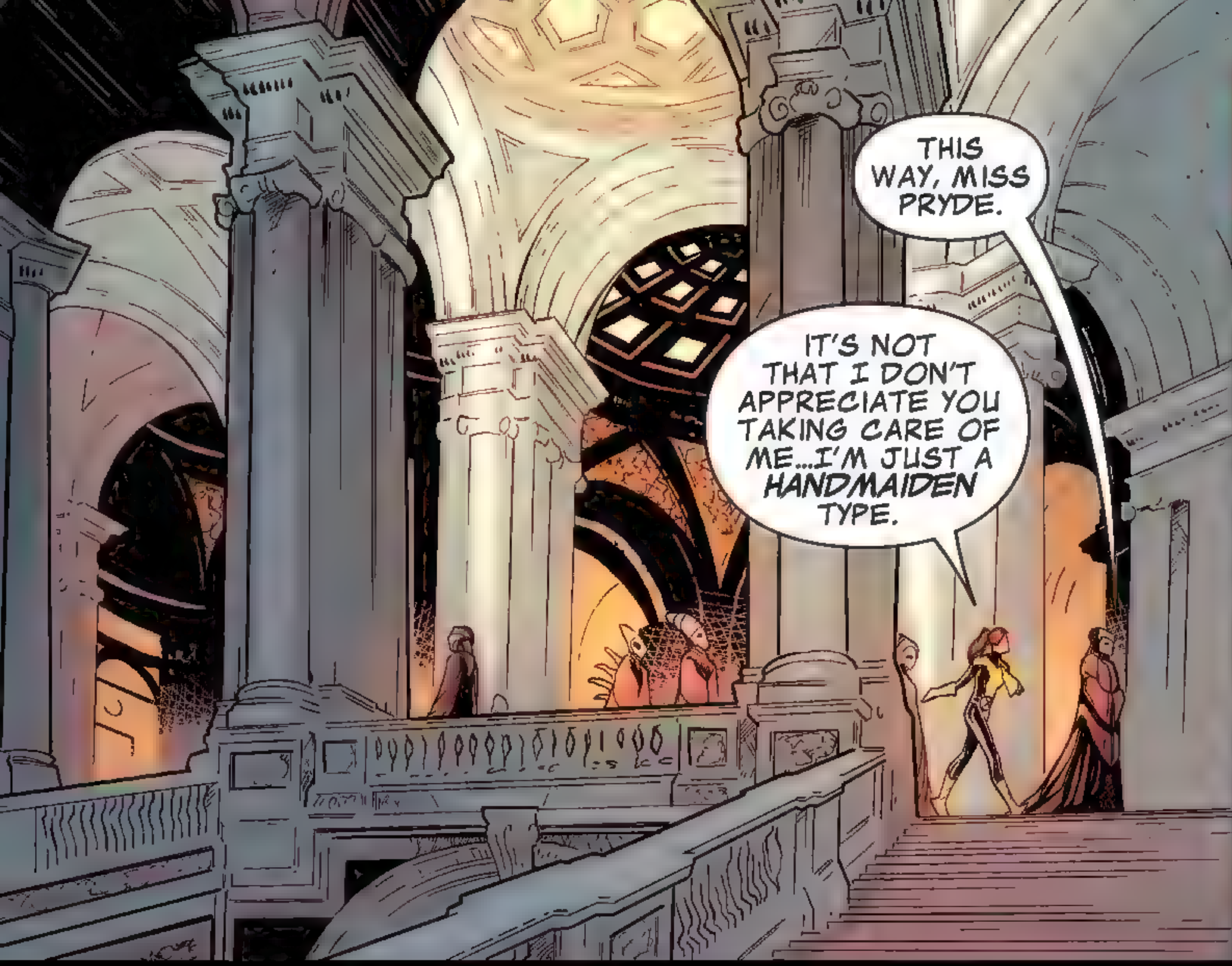


THE SPARTAX EMPIRE IS ON THE CUSP OF BECOMING THE TRUE CENTER OF THE GALAXY.



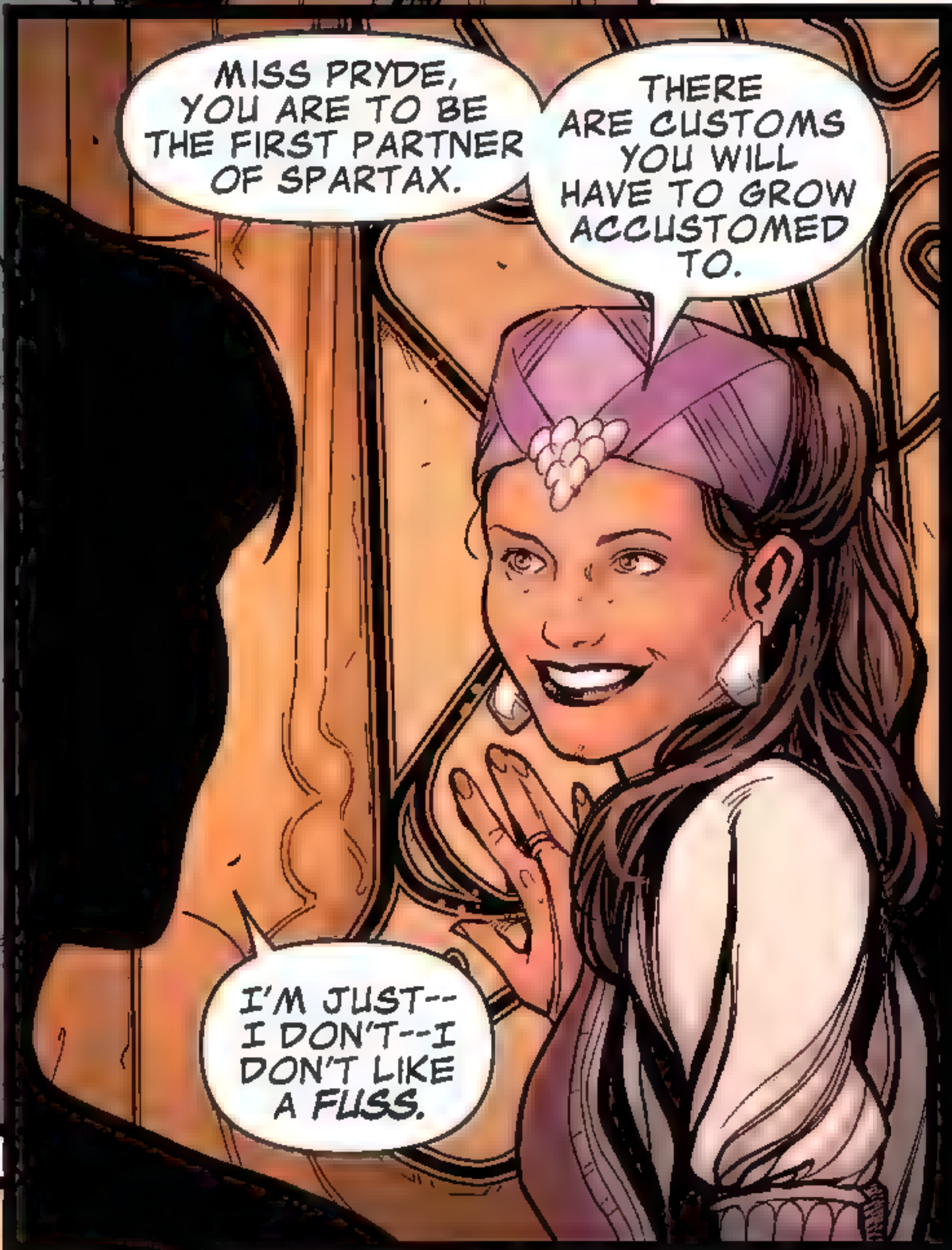
IMAGINE WHAT YOU COULD DO WITH THAT.
REAL CHANGE.
PROFOUND CHANGE.





THIS WAY, MISS PRYDE.

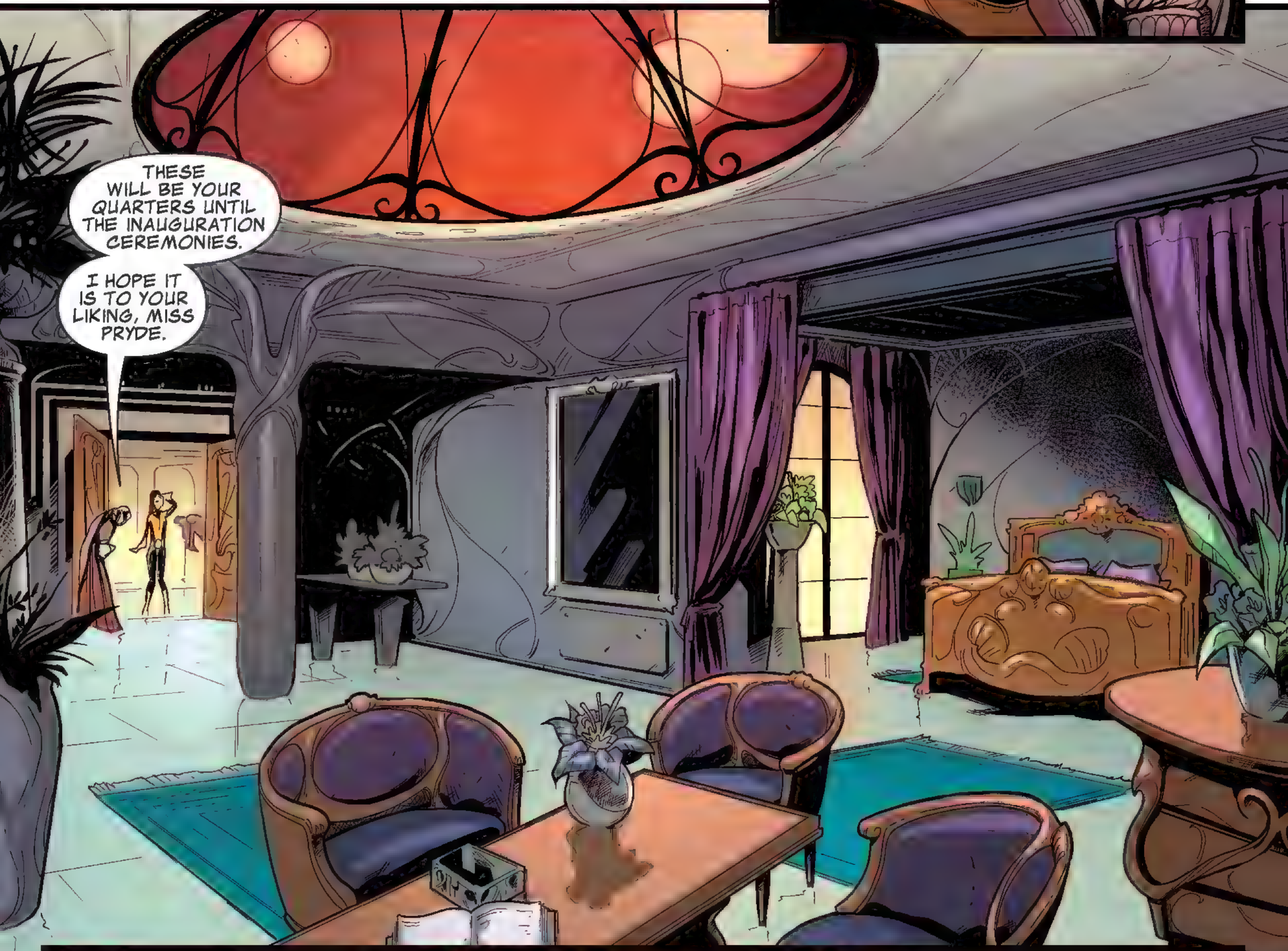
IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T APPRECIATE YOU TAKING CARE OF ME...I'M JUST A HANDMAIDEN TYPE.



MISS PRYDE, YOU ARE TO BE THE FIRST PARTNER OF SPARTAX.

THERE ARE CUSTOMS YOU WILL HAVE TO GROW ACCUSTOMED TO.

I'M JUST-- I DON'T--I DON'T LIKE A FUSS.

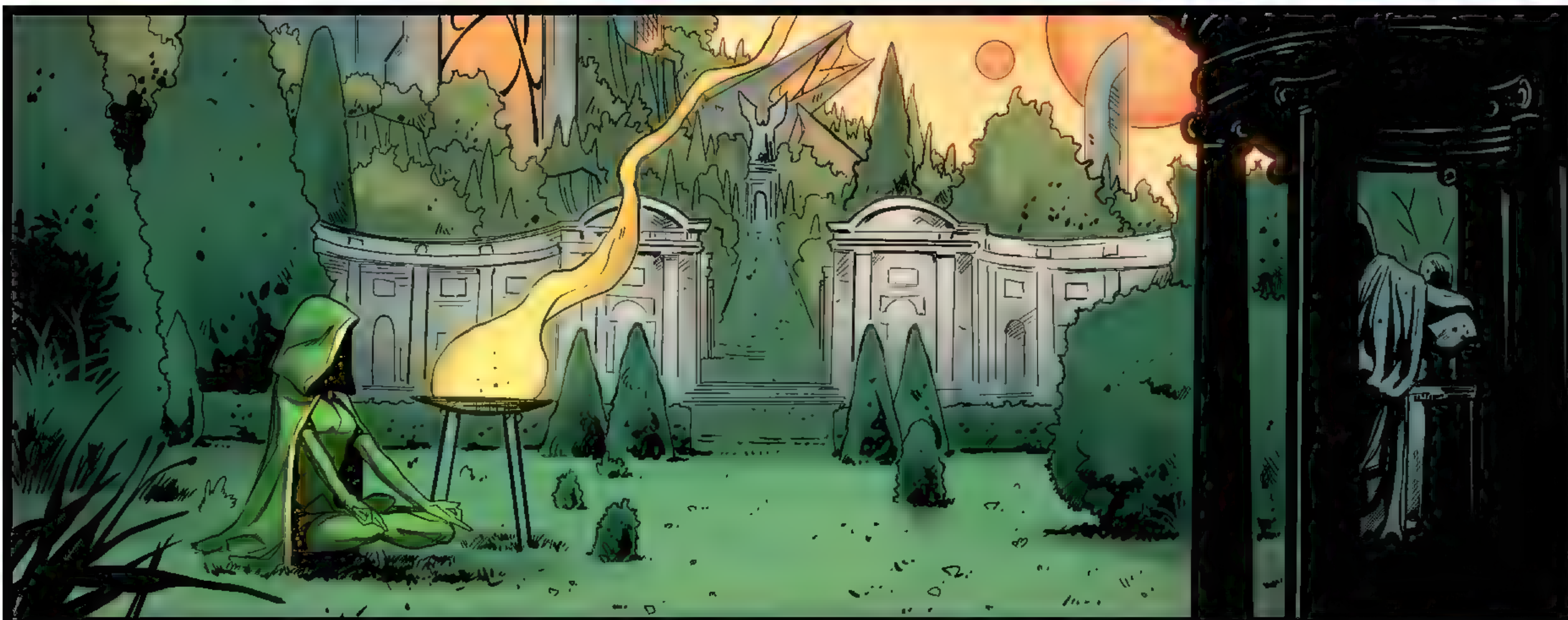


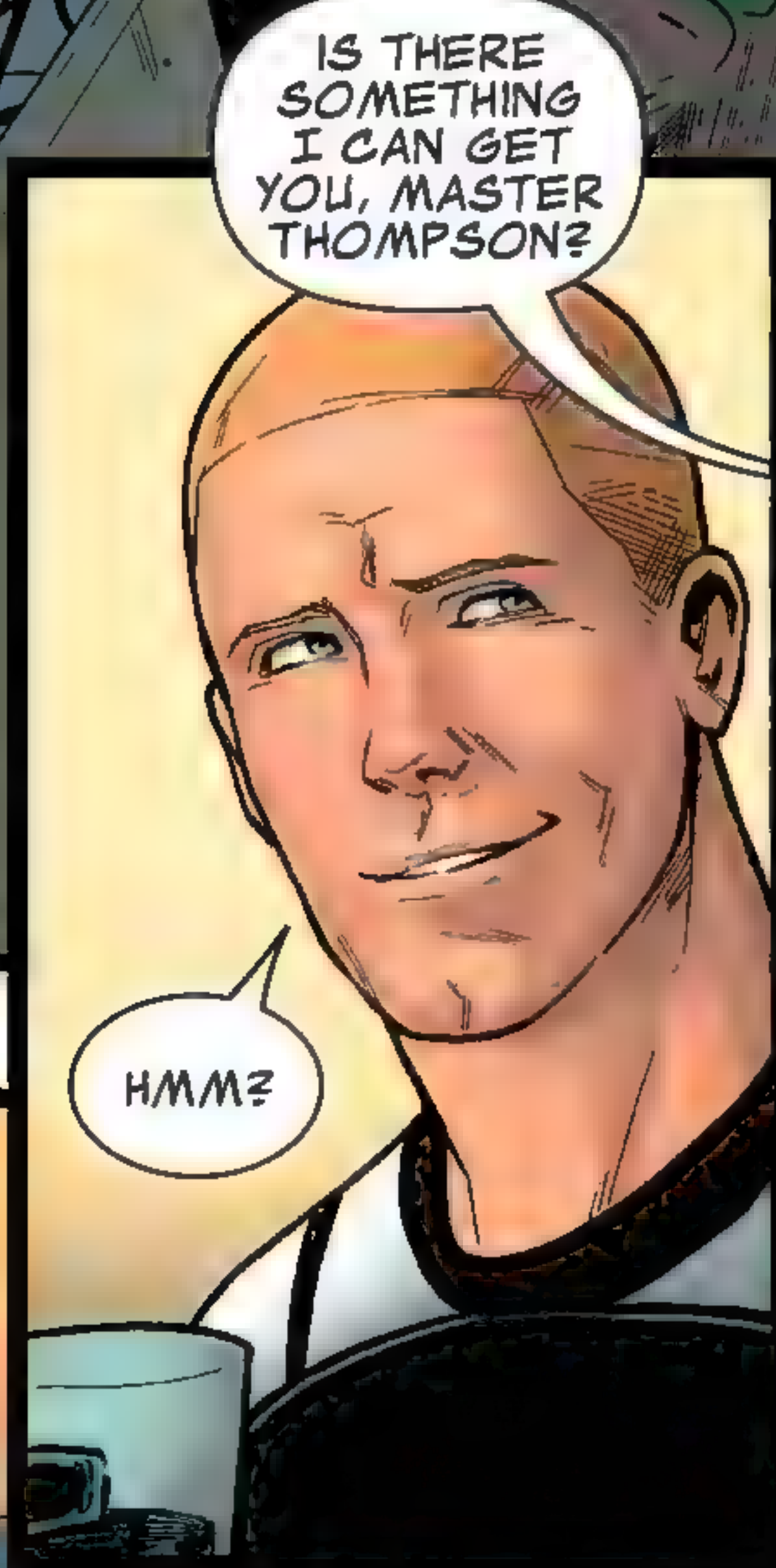
THESE WILL BE YOUR QUARTERS UNTIL THE INAUGURATION CEREMONIES.

I HOPE IT IS TO YOUR LIKING, MISS PRYDE.



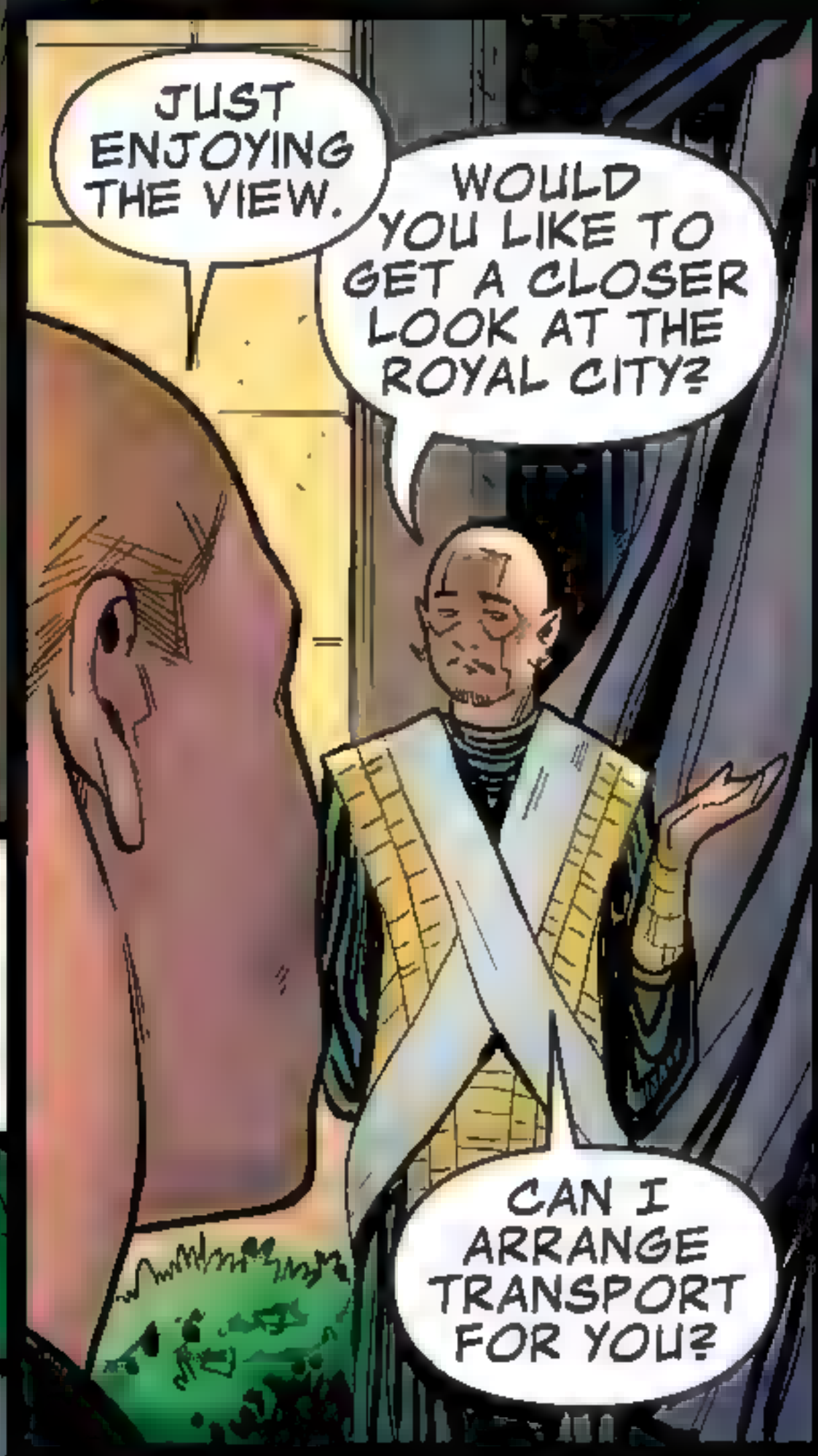
WELL, I MEAN, SURE.





IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN GET YOU, MASTER THOMPSON?

HMM?



JUST ENJOYING THE VIEW.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET A CLOSER LOOK AT THE ROYAL CITY?

CAN I ARRANGE TRANSPORT FOR YOU?



NO, NO.

I WAS JUST REMEMBERING... I HAD THIS COACH IN HIGH SCHOOL.

HE TOLD ME I WAS NEVER GOING TO LEAVE FOREST HILLS.

I'D REALLY LIKE TO CALL HIM RIGHT NOW.



UM...

...I CAN TRY TO ARRANGE AN INTERPLANETARY CALL TO EARTH...

...BUT COMMUNICATION TO LESSER EVOLVED PLANETS NEEDS TO BE SIGNED OFF ON BY THE PRESIDENT, WHICH SHOULD--



OH, NO. THAT'S OKAY.

I WAS JUST--

DID--DID YOU FEEL THAT?

IS THAT NORMAL?



WE WERE TOLD YOU BROUGHT YOUR "GUARDIANS" HERE UNDER THE GUISE OF A COUNCIL TO YOU.

WELL, I WASN'T SURE IF THIS WAS--

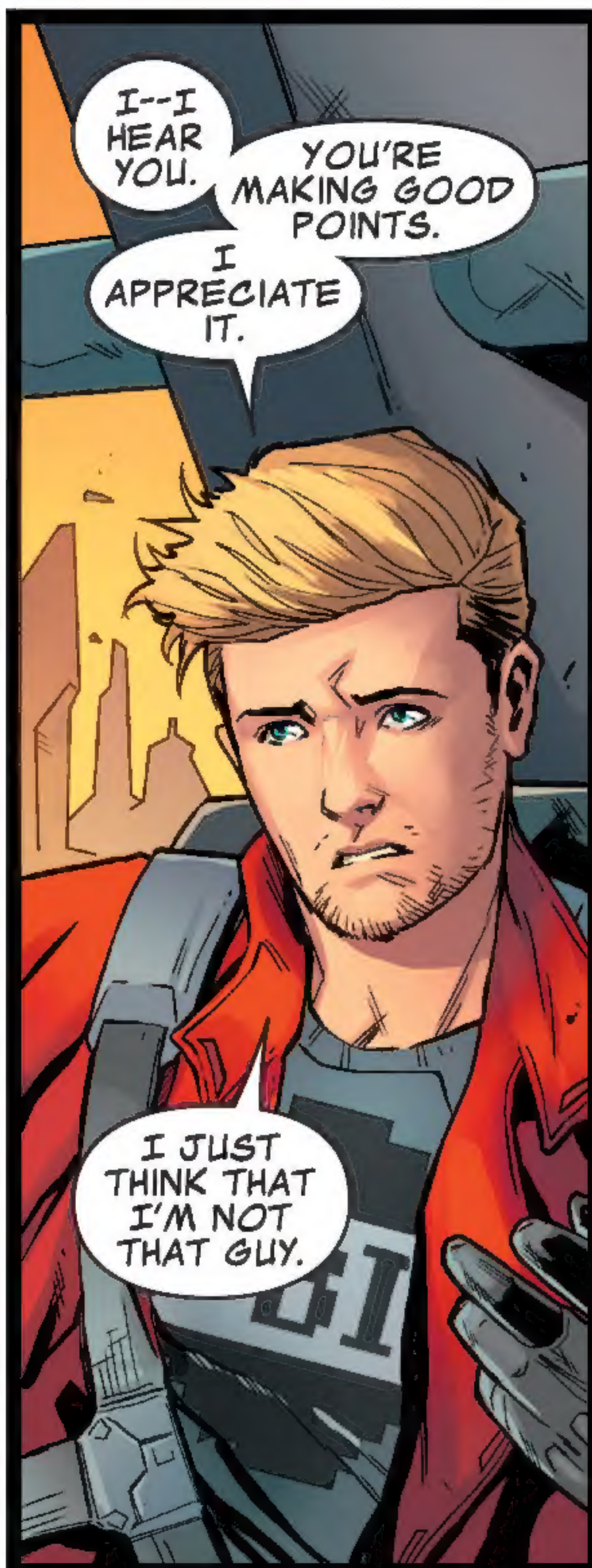
WHY NOT DO THAT?

I'M SORRY?

WHY NOT TURN THESE GUARDIANS OF YOURS INTO A GALACTIC COUNCIL?



EXPERTS.
A COSMIC PERSPECTIVE FOR SPARTAX'S PLACE IN THE NEW GALAXY.



I--I HEAR YOU.
YOU'RE MAKING GOOD POINTS.
I APPRECIATE IT.

I JUST THINK THAT I'M NOT THAT GUY.



I'M THE OTHER GUY.
I'M THE GUY RAILING AGAINST THE SYSTEM.
I CAN'T BE THE GUY IN THE SYSTEM.



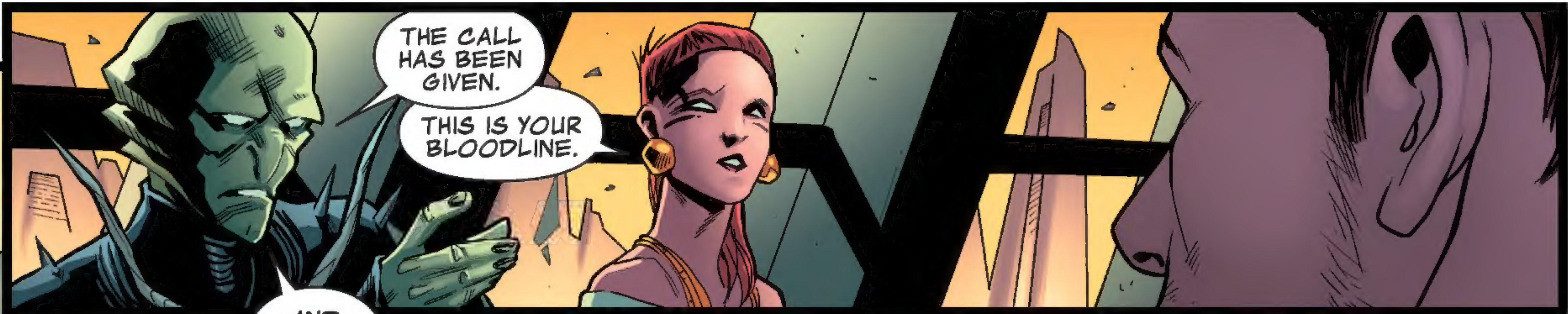
MAY I BE BLUNT?
SURE.



THAT SOUNDS LIKE A RATHER IMMATURE LIFE PHILOSOPHY.



I KNOW.



THE CALL
HAS BEEN
GIVEN.

THIS IS YOUR
BLOODLINE.

AND
YOUR--

RUUUUMMMM BBLLEEE

UM...

RUUUUMMMM BBLLEEE



%*&#S!



THIS IS--
AGH!



THE
HELL IS
THIS?

THIS IS
MADNESS!



TO BE CONTINUED...

